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KING PLANTS A TREE.



King Edward planting a tree at Chatham yesterday to commemorate his visit to unveil the Royal Engineers' war memorial and to open the new Royal Naval Hospital.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE INSPECTS COTTAGES.



On inspecting the dwellings erected at Letchworth for the Cheap Cottages Exhibition, the Duke of Devonshire, who is just emerging from one of the most picturesque of them, expressed himself much struck by the wonderful results obtained for such a small expenditure.

DUKE ON CHEAP COTTAGES.



Snapshot of the Duke of Devonshire at the opening of the Cheap Cottages Exhibition at Letchworth. The Duke spoke warmly in praise of the exhibition, which is being held to demonstrate that comfortable and attractive-looking cottages can be built at a cost of £150 or less.

London Opinion

To-Day

Conducted by A. Moreton Mandeville

Vol. VI. No. 71. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1905. One Penny.

IT has for a long time been the desire of those who cater for the reading public to produce a journal that will give readers those magazine features which the literary needs of the age demand, and at the same time supply them with the bright and breezy qualities which the public look for in a weekly paper.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

THE proprietors of "LONDON OPINION" and "TO-DAY" have felt that by an amalgamation of these two important Journals this object could be achieved; accordingly negotiations have now been concluded, and the two papers will henceforth appear as one under the title of "LONDON OPINION AND TO-DAY."

"LONDON OPINION & TO-DAY."

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBJECTS OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE ARE:—

JEROME K. JEROME	Writes on Reforming the Reformer.
A. G. HALES	The Romance of Trade (Hints to Britishers).
EDWIN PUGH	False Conclusions.
EDGAR WALLACE	Lord Milner.
CHARLES E. JERNINGHAM ("Marmaduke" of "Truth")	Patriotism.
SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES ("Sub Rosa")	Should We Try to Live to a Hundred?
LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD	Golf.
COSMO HAMILTON	Society.
"THE MAJOR"	Masculine Modes.
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK	Domestic Government.
T. McDONALD RENDLE	The Futility of Party Government.
"KARL"	A Failure.
MRS. HUGH ADAMS	Petticoat Fair.
C. H. WYLDE	Curio Hunting for Profit.
T. SHARPER KNOWLSON	Business Hints.
"GORGNOLZA"	The Funds.

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"LONDON OPINION & TO-DAY"

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THE KING AND THE NAVY.

Opens New Chatham Hospital
with a Golden Key.

ROYAL "DOUBLE."

How a Stockbroker Was Mistaken
for His Majesty.

King Edward had a great reception at Chatham yesterday, when he opened the Royal Naval Hospital, built at a cost of £350,000, to accommodate 600 patients.

With the Duke of Connaught, his Majesty reached Rochester soon after midday, and made a gracious speech in reply to the splendid civic and military welcome offered him.

At the Royal Engineers Barracks his Majesty, by pressing an electric button, fired a gun and unveiled the Boer war memorial arch, and afterwards planted a tree.

After lunching in the officers' mess, his Majesty proceeded, seamen and troops lining the road to the hospital, where he unlocked the door with a golden key and afterwards made a tour of the wards and operating-rooms.

KING EDWARD'S "DOUBLE."

Prominent Stockbroker's Amusing Adventure
Owing to His Resemblance.

An amusing incident which has just happened in London recalls the fascinating intrigues portrayed by Anthony Hope in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Just as the afternoon train was due to leave Waterloo for Bournemouth, a handsome motor-car dashed up. In it sat a well-braced, square-shouldered gentleman, dressed in a grey lounge suit and bowler, smoking a cigar, and attended only by his driver.

For a moment the crowd gazed thunderstruck, and then, "The King!" "The King!" passed from mouth to mouth.

The police isolated, the people cheered, and through an avenue of deeply-bowing spectators "His Majesty" made his way quickly to the train and entered a first-class carriage.

KING'S DOUBLE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.
But it was not really his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward.

It was a private gentleman, Mr. Percy Marsden, of the Stock Exchange, who is so extraordinarily like him that even the police were deceived.

Yesterday Mr. Marsden was interviewed on his exciting experience by the *Daily Mirror*, and certainly his resemblance to the King is most striking.

Mr. Marsden himself was terribly busy, and only had time to assure the *Daily Mirror* that the mistake had actually occurred. His son took up the tale.

"It is not the first time," he said, "that the mistake has been made. Consequently, when he is greeted in this way my father knows the reason. On this occasion he stood up in his car, assuring the crowd that he was not the King at all."

"They refused, however, to believe him, and merely thought that his Majesty wished to be incognito for the time being. That is where, I think, my father makes a mistake, and my mother also tells him that he should just salute and say nothing."

"On one occasion, when motoring near Epping, he was 'recognised' by a policeman, who telephoned forward. At the next town my father was astonished to find the traffic held up. He stopped himself, but when the crowd cheered he realised what was happening, and drove on."

"Once, at Homburg, the people took the horses out of his carriage and dragged him to his hotel."

At Waterloo the railway staff are still under the impression that it was really the King, and "His Majesty's" attempt to escape unknown causes great amusement.

How close the likeness to the King really is may be seen from the excellent portrait of Mr. Marsden which appears on page 9.

ROYAL MOTORIST ARRESTED.

For driving a motor-car at excessive speed and dashing into a carriage, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was arrested in Lemberg, South Germany, yesterday.

On proving his identity the Prince was released, but he will have to face an action for damages.

YOUNG ROYAL DUKE'S MARRIAGE.

COBURG, Wednesday.—It has now been definitely arranged that the marriage of Duke Charles Edward with Princess Victoria Adelheid zu Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Gluecksbury will be celebrated on October 18, at the Castle of Gluecksbury.—Reuter.

IRISH "JOAN OF ARC."

How "Maud Gonne" Married
Through Hate of England.

DIVORCE REVELATIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—To-day, in the First Paris Civil Court, began the proceedings in the divorce action brought by Mrs. McBride (better known by her maiden name of Maud Gonne) against her husband, Major McBride, who owes his title of major to the late President Kruger.

Maire Cruppi, who opened the case for Mrs. McBride, described her as the soul of Ireland, and said that she incarnated that down-trodden nation. It was she who, during the Boer war, had organised the Irish Boer Committee for the purpose of sending out men, munitions, and money to help the cause of the Boers against the British.

Maire Cruppi went on to say that when Major McBride returned from the Boer war with his laurels thick upon him Miss Maud Gonne worshipped him as a hero, and in her enthusiastic manner wished to become the wife of the man who, in her eyes, was the personification of heroism.

MISTAKE OF HER LIFE.

They were married, but soon afterwards the lady discovered that she had made the mistake of her life. Her husband was a lifelong drunkard, counsel alleged. Maire Cruppi then proceeded to describe the other charges his client made against her husband.

Maire Labori, in defence of Major McBride, said that the latter was prepared to deny and disprove everyone of the statements of his wife against him. He would show that such statements originated from a woman who was constantly subject to hallucinations.

He said that these hallucinations were carried to such an extent that Maud Gonne believed herself to be the reincarnation of an ancient queen of Connaught, and that when she married the major she expressed her firm belief in the discovery that her husband was the reincarnation of Cuchulain, the Irish Achilles.

MAUD GONNE AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

Maire Labori said that the major had discovered after marriage that his wife was no Irishwoman at all but an Englishwoman on both her father's and mother's side. His client wished to fling no mud; he was not desirous of attacking a woman, but he would point out that Maud Gonne had become a fervent Roman Catholic when she married the major, and that now she wished to obtain a divorce she had become a Protestant again.

Mrs. McBride did not appear in court, and the case was adjourned for a week.

MISS ROOSEVELT IN JAPAN.

Enthusiastic Reception on Her Arrival at the Capital.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The steamship Manchuria arrived at Yokohama this morning with Mr. Taft, United States Secretary for War, and Miss Alice Roosevelt aboard. The American visitors received a cordial welcome.

At eleven o'clock the American guests arrived in Tokio amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Taft drove direct to the Imperial Palace at Shiba. Miss Roosevelt is staying as the guest of Mr. Griscom, United States Minister.

There will be an Imperial audience and luncheon to the American visitors to-morrow, and on Thursday they will be present at a grand garden-party given by Mr. Griscom. They will leave Tokio on Friday.—Central News.

EXHIBITION ON TOUR.

American Scheme To Conquer in the Markets of the World.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—A novel plan to extend American commerce and to introduce the products of American manufacturers in every country in the world is announced.

The originators of the scheme propose to charter one of the largest Transatlantic liners in January, 1906. This will carry samples of various merchandise of American manufacture and numerous exhibitors and salesmen who will display and explain their wares to foreign merchants.—Laffan.

CLOTHES-PROPS AS FIRE-ESCAPE.

For rescuing two children from fire at Sheffield, Robert Charles Hall, a bluejacket, was presented with the medal of the Sheffield Society for the Recognition of Bravery yesterday.

Hall made a fire-escape out of two clothes-props, and, climbing up to the bedroom, rescued the two little ones at great risk.

ENGLAND SWELTERS IN THE EIGHTIES.

Hottest Day This Year Makes "Sale" Shopping Impossible.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable breezes; changeable; showery and thunder locally; fair or fine periods; rather close. Lighting up time, 8.54 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

Registering 82deg. in the shade and 128deg. in the sun, the thermometer for once almost rose to the occasion yesterday.

Londoners feel that this instrument has not been conducting itself properly lately. Gasping, perspiring, and in almost the last stage of collapse, they consult the Meteorological Office reports, which give the temperature as seventy-something.

Everyone knows that the air in the streets must have been nearer 90deg., but everyone is unfortunately too hot to protest.

LONDON'S LOW DEATH-RATE.

Many deaths have been caused by the high temperature, and the list of bathing fatalities received many additions yesterday. But some consolation may be derived from the fact that in hot weather the ordinary death-rate keeps down.

Last week the death-rate for the seventy-six great towns was 13.4, against 12.9 for the preceding week. Inner London's figures are even more satisfactory than those for the country generally, the death-rate being only 12.7, the 1,137 deaths from all causes being 423 less than the corrected average. For the first time for many months there was not a fatal case of influenza.

Upon the summer sales the extreme heat has a marked and curious effect. Ladies who usually spend the month of July among the bargains have this year been obliged to content themselves with occasional day's "sale-ing."

The great heat caused fog round the coast. In the Channel the swimmers were endangered, steamers were delayed, and the Plymouth regatta was carried through in a fog.

MANY HEAT TRAGEDIES.

"He had no business troubles, but I believed his brain was turned by the heat," said the widow of Mr. John Browning, an elderly restaurant-keeper, whose body was found in the canal at Brentford.

Four deaths, which the doctors said had been caused by heat, were inquiry into at Poplar yesterday.

Miss Jane Partridge was stricken down while walking along the Upper-street, Islington, and died while being taken to the hospital.

Captain Andrews, of the barge Hillingdon, staggered as his vessel was passing through the Grand Junction Canal, and, falling into the water, was drowned.

THE DROWNING SEASON.

While crossing the Sound of Islay a sailing-boat was capsized by a squall, and two of the three occupants were drowned.

Reginald Snell was drowning near Kingston when his pole broke, and, falling into the river, he was drowned.

While bathing, John Hall was drowned in the Shropshire Canal near Chester; a schoolboy named Allan was drowned in the River Lagan near Belfast; and Edgar Harrison, aged eleven, was drowned near Greenwich Pier. The body of an unknown man from Birmingham has been found in the sea near Hoy.

BATTLE OF FAIR SHOPPERS.

Three Thousand Women Wreck a Shop in a Struggle for Bargains.

PITTSBURG, Wednesday.—The advertisement of a bargain sale drew some 3,000 women to a large draper's shop, all arriving about the same time. A struggle to secure the especial bargains ensued, which became so fierce that a panic seized the buyers, and a stampede towards the doors occurred, in which eight ladies were severely injured.

Many women lost most of their clothing, and the shop was wrecked before order could be restored.—Laffan.

KING ALFONSO'S SECRET.

SAN SEBASTIAN, Tuesday.—The King is preparing to leave to-morrow on a journey. Strict secrecy is maintained regarding his destination and route.—Reuter.

Yesterday King Alfonso, at the opening of the pigeon-shooting contest at San Sebastian, shot Laffan, fired fifty shots and only missed twice.

BEAUFORT CASTLE SHOOTING AFFRAY.

John Fraser, the gillie who was injured in the shooting affray at Beaufort Castle, has been removed to Edinburgh. He is not likely to lose the sight of his eye.

FAIRY TALE OF LIFE.

Cigar Girl Returns to London a Millionaire's Bride.

GHEMET HOME-COMING.

With the arrival of the American millionaire, Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, and his bride at Queenstown yesterday, a pretty romance is brought to our own doors.

Mrs. Stokes was a Miss Rose Pastor, a Russian girl, who lived in her childhood at Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel. In the United States she worked as a cigar-maker; then wrote poems of the Ghetto; and finally met and conquered her millionaire and philanthropist lover.

Mr. Stokes was charmed with the young girl, who assisted him in his errand of mercy, and, strange to say, his family fully approved of the choice of his heart.

The romance was quickly known on the liner Cedric, by which the happy pair travelled, and the beautiful bride and handsome bridegroom were the centre of interest all through the voyage. They were, however, perfectly indifferent to curious glances, and the trip was as much a happy honeymoon as if the marriage had never been heard of by the outside world.

BACK TO CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

To-day the bride will pay a visit to the scenes of her childhood. It will be a strange and pathetic contrast. She will see a grim, narrow court, packed to overflowing with humanity. It consists chiefly of Jewish shops, with queer Yiddish characters on their windows. In them you can buy anything, from a joint of mutton to a farthing candle.

In this region English is scarcely ever heard. It is the heart of the Ghetto. In a back room at No. 17 once resided the poetess-millionaire.

She will experience all the joy of contrast, but with the sensibility of the poet, there will come a gush of pity for those who still work out their lives in this sorry maelstrom of human life.

Black Lion-yard has prepared a cheerful and kindly welcome for its fortunate ex-denizen. There is no touch of envy among its inhabitants. They are decorating their shabby houses in honour of Mrs. Stokes. She will meet some long-forgotten friends, do some quiet good, and then disappear again for a two months' tour on the Continent before going back to a life of philanthropy in New York.

What novelist ever wrote a truer romance?

RUSSIAN POLICE IN TERROR.

"Daily Mirror" Correspondent at Warsaw Attacked by Hooligans.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

WARSAW, Wednesday.—The campaign of police assassination continues, and hardly a day passes but some officer is wounded or killed.

The police are terrorised. They make no arrests, fearing the vengeance of the reformers.

As a result, the city is infested with hooligans of the worse type, who openly prey on the unprotected stranger or citizen.

I myself was attacked in the Jewish quarter by three men and a lad, who seized me from behind by the arms. Releasing my arm I knocked one fellow out, and disabled another with my knee. A third got away with my pocket-book, containing about 130 roubles.

A knife cut in my sleeve and a slightly dislocated shoulder remind me of the affair to-day.

POPE'S FAILING HEALTH.

His Holiness Suffering Severely from His Close Confinement.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Wednesday.—Sedentary life within the high walls of the Vatican is seriously affecting the health of the Pope.

That vigour and elasticity which marked his movements when he became Pope are gone. He is pale and listless, and has apparently lost interest in many functions that were once a joy.

He was seen walking in the garden of the Vatican a few days ago. His gait was feeble and his pace quite slow.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Women's Franchise Bill has been passed by the Victorian Legislative Assembly.

The Kaiser has informed the Danish Court that he wishes to pay a visit to King Christian at an early date.

The arbitration convention between the United Kingdom and the Netherlands was issued last night by the Foreign Office.

The highest lift in the world has been built on the Bingstocken, a peak near Lake Lucerne. It raises passengers 500 feet.

TRUNK TRAGEDY TRIAL BEGINS.

Devereux Listens to the Gruesome Story Unmoved.

SOBING WITNESSES.

The trial of Arthur Devereux for the alleged murder of his wife and twin children commenced at the Old Bailey yesterday.

When, last April, the police found the body of the unhappy woman and her little ones glued in a great tin trunk at a furniture repository at Kensal Rise, the horror of the story seized the public imagination, and this morbid interest was reflected in the crowded court.

It was barely half-past ten when the Judge, Mr. Justice Ridley, took his seat. A moment later the prisoner was brought into the dock and stepped briskly to the front.

He wore a blue serge suit, with pale green tie and, as on his previous appearances in court, carried himself with a curious air of unconcerned interest. His face bore no indications of any mental suffering.

Standing with his right hand on the ledge of the dock, the prisoner watched with keen interest the swearing in of the jury. He seemed to be noting the individual characteristics of each of the twelve men.

Then came the charge, the indictment being on the three separate counts of the murder of his wife and twin babies.

Devereux kept his eyes intently upon Mr. Avery, the clerk of the court, as the charge was slowly read.

To the first he seemed mentally to brace himself up, and replied in a clear, determined voice, "Not guilty." His voice fell slightly when the steady reading stopped for his answer to the second count, and there was less determination in the tone.

For the third time came the question, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" This time the voice of the prisoner fell to a whisper, scarcely audible in the tense atmosphere of the crowded court.

Story of the Tragedy.

Immediately Mr. Charles Mathews rose, and in his characteristically straightforward way plunged into the case for the prosecution. He told of how Mrs. Gregory, having suspicions concerning the safety of her daughter, Beatrice Ellen Maud Devereux, made inquiries, which finally resulted in the discovery of the horrible trunk and its contents.

Devereux had expressed his wish to give evidence, and a doubt having arisen as to his mental fitness, he was examined by Dr. Forbes Winslow and another doctor. Their verdict, as given in court, was that he was in a perfectly fit state to appear in the witness-box.

The first witness called was Mrs. Gregory, mother of the dead woman. As she entered the court she glanced nervously towards the dock, and afterwards resolutely kept her eyes fixed upon the rows of counsel.

In a weak, hesitating voice she told her story, now so painfully familiar, of how she became suspicious after the sudden removal from Milton-avenue. She made inquiries, and at last traced the trunk to the repository. It was opened, and the bodies of her daughter and her grandchildren were found.

Mother Breaks Down.

Then followed a pitiable little formal identification of some clothes.

"Do you recognise these, Mrs. Gregory?" asked Mr. Mathews in the kindly tones he uses with ladies. Some white baby clothes were handed up.

Mrs. Gregory shrank with sobs. "Yes," she moaned, "I made them myself."

Mrs. Sarah Wells, who lived next door to Devereux, also broke down as she spoke of sounds of furniture being moved which she heard during the first few days of February.

She was certain that she had neither heard the twins cry nor seen them out with their mother after a date, as to which she could not be precise.

One day, sobbed Mrs. Wells, little Stanley was playing in the road and ran to the door, rattling it.

"I want to come in," cried the child, and someone from without opened the door and said, "You can't," and gave the little fellow a paper packet.

"Perhaps of sweets," suggested counsel, and the witness agreed that the child might have been so persuaded to run away again. Witness also deplored to seeing a bottle labelled "Prussian Acid" on the mantelpiece of one of the rooms at No. 60 after the Devereux's had gone.

The case was adjourned until to-day, the jury being sent to the Manchester Hotel for the night.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S LOVE MATCH

Miss Gwendolys Wilson, daughter of Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P., and one of the most beautiful girls in England, will be married to Mr. Eric Chaplin at Wartier Priory, Yorkshire, on August 3.

The parents are said to have disapproved of the match at first, but difficulties have now disappeared, and the bride will be given away by her father.

TALK AND NO BUSINESS.

Bills Involving £250,000 Tied Up in the House of Commons.

An extraordinary deadlock has arisen in the business of the House of Commons, in consequence of the refusal of the Government to resign after their defeat last week.

The progress of thirty Private Bills, the promotion of which has involved an outlay of a quarter of a million, is indefinitely blocked by the Nationalists. "What do you propose to do?" triumphantly demanded a Nationalist of Mr. Grant Lawson, the Chairman of Committees yesterday.

Mr. Grant Lawson replied that it might be necessary to hang up the Bills till next session.

"You'd better hang up the Government as well," shouted an Irishman.

Mr. Balfour commented on the difficulty of advancing the Unemployed Bill in view of the legislative congestion.

"It is put off, then," said Mr. Keir Hardie, "in view of the late crisis?"

"I can promise the Prime Minister," he shouted, "a crisis is coming for Labour in England!"

Subsequently Major Seely had a serious encounter with the Speaker, who ruled on a question affecting the refusal of Volunteers to undergo medical examination he flatly contradicted.

The Speaker (very sharply): "The hon. and gallant member is hardly courteous in contradicting me."

The Major coloured, and replied: "If I was not courteous I beg to apologise."

On a Party division, Mr. Winston Churchill's Bill to limit the duration of Parliaments to five years was rejected by 239 votes to 178.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain Vigorously Preparing for an Autumn Election.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Mr. Chamberlain has been flitting about the Lobbies and the House to-day in close consultation with his supporters, and there is every reason to suppose that he is actively preparing for a general election this year.

All the prominent tariff reformers in the House share the view now that a general election in the autumn is assured, and they openly assert that Mr. Chamberlain has received a definite pledge from Mr. Balfour on the subject.

Subsequently Mr. Chamberlain was present at a private conference at the House between members of the Management Committee of the Tariff Reform League and representatives of the Women's Association of the same league.

ARMY JAM AND PEPPER.

At One Time South African Troops Had Three Years' Supply.

Judging by the evidence given before the ... Stores Commission yesterday, there was enough jam, pepper, and coffee in South Africa after the close of the war to keep the Army supplied for years.

Colonel Walter A. Dunne, K.C.B., late Assistant Quartermaster-General, in the course of a long examination as to supplies and accounts, said that it was noticed in 1909 that jam was being brought into South Africa, although at the time there was actually in the country 48,000,000 rations, or enough to last the reduced Army 900 days.

Sir G. T. Goldie pointed out that there were also 103,000,000 rations of coffee, enough, he said, to last 300 days, and 54,000,000 rations of pepper.

M.P. DEFENDS HIS FIRM.

Mr. Maconochie "Is Not Afraid of Going Before Any Tribunal."

The subject of the Maconochie rations was referred to by Dr. Macnamara in the House of Commons last night, who asked whether the firm would be struck off the list of War Office contractors.

Mr. Maconochie warmly defended himself from the attacks which had been made upon him in the House during the last two years. He pointed out that the rations were found defective a year and ten months after the original order was given. No guarantee was given. He was not ashamed of anything he had done, and was not afraid of going before any tribunal.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport said of the rations sent to South Africa 16 per cent. went bad, and of those supplied by Maconochie only 8 per cent. went bad. Under these circumstances it would not be an act of justice to do as Dr. Macnamara suggested.

ANOTHER HOLBORN PROSECUTION.

The Holborn Borough Council yesterday determined to prosecute Mr. Dyson, law clerk in the town clerk's department, for alleged irregularities.

It was stated at the meeting that Dyson had been the victim of persistent blackmail, and had encroached on petty cash in his charge.

CHANNEL SWIM.

Unsuccessful Aspirant Narrowly Escapes from Death.

MISS KELLERMAN'S PLUCK

The struggle to achieve the great cross-Channel swim is creating an interest here (wires the *Daily Mirror* special correspondent from Dover last night) that increases daily in intensity, and yesterday two splendid feats were accomplished under the most trying conditions of fog and heavy sea.

Whilst Heaton, the Liverpool swimmer, made a valiant effort to cross the Channel, and gave up after six hours' arduous swim, in which he covered ten miles, Miss Kellerman, the young Australian, who is striving to win the *Daily Mirror* trophy, in a trial swim covered seven miles in three and a half hours.

Both these swimmers showed remarkable pluck. They were both impeded by the thick mist which dropped on the Channel like a curtain, and the choppy character of the sea.

Heaton's attempt finished in a most dramatic fashion. The party was enveloped in fog, and had an extremely narrow escape of being run down by a mail steamer.

The excitement on the accompanying tour was intense for the swimmer was, for a time, in the greatest peril. It was only about two feet that he missed the paddles of the steamer, which loomed up in the gloom when only about a ship's length of the party.

WOMAN v. WAVE.

Great pluck was displayed by Miss Kellerman, for when she plunged into the water at 7.30 yesterday morning, accompanied by Mr. J. Wolfe, who paced her when she swam from Dover to Ramsgate, the sea was choppy and great banks of fog were rolling up.

Miss Kellerman travelled at a great pace from the start, using her favourite double-arm overhead trudgen.

By nine o'clock more than two miles had been covered, and still the swift stroke was unabated. Anon, the fog lifted a little, and welcome sunshine glinted on the sails of stately merchantmen and reflected brightly from the polished brass of ocean groughs, whose sides were lined with spectators watching the plucky struggle.

But the sea was getting worse, and for every inch of progress a stern fight had to be made.

Soon after ten, five miles had been covered. At eleven o'clock when seven miles had been accomplished, orders were issued from the boat to come aboard.

Miss Kellerman protested vehemently against this command, but the skipper proved obdurate.

"You have done as much as we want, and far better than we expected you to do," he bellowed through the noise of wind and wave. "You are not to ove-rode it. Come aboard."

Still protesting, but recognising that mutiny on the high seas is a grave crime, Miss Kellerman reluctantly quitted her favourite element.

Another aspirant for cross-Channel honours, Mr. Charles M. Reyndt, of Richmond, left London for Dover yesterday.

WIMBLEDON BOROUGH.

Great Rejoicing at Reception of Charter from the King.

Festive and rejoicing thousands crowded the streets of Wimbledon yesterday to witness the ceremonies in connection with its inauguration as a borough.

After receiving the charter at the Privy Council Office the Charter Mayor (Mr. Henshaw) and town clerk were met by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London at Westminster Bridge. They drove to the boundary of the new borough at Wandsworth.

Here a mounted escort of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry, forty carriages containing neighbouring mayors and other officials, bands, friendly societies with banners, and others joined the procession.

Then the procession went to the principal offices in Broadway where the "Old Hundred" and the "National Anthem" were played and sung by the massed bands, the people, and 1,000 schoolchildren. The charter and an address of thanks to the King were read.

STOLEN £50 BANK-NOTE CASHED.

There has been a startling sequel to the recent theft of six bank-notes for £500 each from a Liverpool clerk.

Messrs. Buxton and Co., the owners of the notes, have been informed that one of the notes was presented at the Bank of England on Tuesday by another bank, and duly met.

ALIEN BILBERRIES PLENTIFUL

Bilberries are being shipped into this country in such large quantities from Germany and Holland that Midland restaurant keepers serve them as substitutes for black currants.

GIPSY EVICTION.

Sheriff's Officers and Police Attacked with Stones.

A fierce conflict between gipsies and 100 police and sheriff's men took place on the outskirts of Birmingham, near Handsworth, in an expanse of land, derelict between railway lines and works.

It is called the Black Patch, and for some years has been the haunt of gipsies. Latey there has been an outcry against the nomads, who had been inclined to regard the plot as a freehold, seeing they had been there for forty years.

Powers were recently obtained from the High Court, and yesterday police and sheriff's men proceeded to carry out the order accompanied by the Staffordshire Chief Constable and the Birmingham High Sheriff.

A visit was first made to the encampment of Loveridge, "King of Gipsies," as he is called there, and the officials were greeted with a storm of yells and cheers.

The eviction order was read amid cries of revolt, and a movement on the part of the sheriff's officers to wrench away the railings was responded to by a cannonade of stones. Then the fight turned to hand-to-hand, and there was considerable bloodshed, the gipsy women fighting with great vigour.

In the end the police triumphed, and the ring-leaders of the revolt were marched off to prison.

The gipsies' shanties were burnt down.

BAPTISM REFUSED.

Trio of Clergymen Distinguish Themselves by Eccentric Behaviour.

Asked to baptise the child of a parishioner, the Rev. W. Meikleham, vicar of Holbeck St. Luke's, Lincolnshire, wrote a strange letter to the applicant, Mr. A. Gregory.

The vicar complained that Mr. Gregory had absented himself from church services, and referred him to the Rev. Josiah Sniveller (the Fleet Methodist fellow).

Mr. Gregory states that he afterwards attended the church at Sunday morning service, with the infant and god-parents, but the vicar declined to baptise the child.

The rector of Framlingham (Suffolk) Parish Church, the Rev. Canon Frere, closed the church last Sunday morning. The action is said to arise from his wishes on the subject of a choir train being discontinued.

A third clergyman, the Rev. Robert Pritchard, rector of Wealdstone Parish Church, was yesterday, with his wife, cast in £100 damages as the result of a libellous letter concerning Dr. Blunt, written by Mrs. Pritchard and published by a local newspaper.

STATE AID FOR DANCING.

Experts Suggest an Academy To Be Assisted by Public Money.

"Dancing in England, and especially stage dancing, is the worst in the world," says Mr. R. M. Crompton, president of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers, who are holding a congress at the Hotel Cecil.

With a view to having this lamentable state of affairs remedied, Mr. Crompton hopes to get the society subsidised by the State.

"Why not?" he asked. "London is the only European capital where there is no State-assisted dancing academy. Just look at the dancing, if one can call it dancing, on the English stage, only a very few really proficient dancers, and they are nearly all foreigners. Ah! it is terrible."

"Then, look at the English ballrooms," said the dancing master. "They are like bear gardens. People only know one dance, the waltz, and that most imperfectly; they may or may not have a vague idea of the 'lancers.'

"We are going to teach minuets, water-melon frolics, pavanes, and gaillades."

SEASIDE ADVENTURES

When people are at the seaside their holidays fill their whole minds, and quite a special class of reading is demanded.

They do not want anything heavy, either as regards subject or weight, and, therefore, a big demand may be expected for "Fannie Eden's Penny Stories."

The complete story in next Saturday's number—"The Todd Family at the Seaside"—has quite a seasonal flavour.

KILLED BY A HALFPENNY.

The seven-year-old child of Mr. Clifford, of West Smithfield, was given a halfpenny. Whilst running to buy sweets he swallowed the coin, and, despite an operation at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, died.

Against compulsory military service, advocated at an Exeter meeting last night by General Geary, opposition was led by the mayor, and amendments were carried.

ENGLAND WINS CRICKET RUBBER.

Out of Four Games England Takes
Two and Two Are Drawn.

THE "ASHES" SECURED.

By beating the Australians at Nottingham and at Manchester yesterday, England have won two of the four Test matches as yet played. As the games at Leeds and Lord's were left unfinished, and only the Oval match remains to be played, England have won the rubber. This means that the "Ashes" remain in our keeping.

Rain in the early morning so affected the wicket yesterday at Manchester that it was only a question of time between the Australians and defeat.

It came sooner than expected, the last nine wickets falling for an addition of 51 runs to the overnight total of 148.

Thus Australia made 169—just 23 less than in the first innings—and suffered defeat by an innings and 80 runs. Score and analysis:

ENGLAND.	
A. C. McLaren, c Hill,	1 R. H. Spooner, c and b b McLeod
B. Broadbent, c Gehrs,	b McLeod
M. Ward, c Laver,	run out
Tyldesley, b Laver	22
F. B. Fry, c Armstrong,	Lilley, b Laver, c Noble
V. D. Jackson, c Cotter,	W. Brearley, b Darlington
J. Darling, c Tyldesley,	b Darlington
D. B. Jackson, c Tyldesley,	Extras
B. Gohrs, c Arnold,	0
C. McLeod, c Arnold,	11
F. Laver, c Rhodes,	run out
J. Kelly, not out	16
Extras	9
Total	446

AUSTRALIA.	
First Innings	Second Innings
V. D. Jackson, c and b Breyer,	b Rhodes
M. A. Noble, c Breyer	lwb. b Rhodes
W. Armstrong, c Arnold	c Rhodes, b Breyer
R. A. Duff, c McLaren,	c sub. b Arnold
J. Darling, c Tyldesley,	b Breyer
D. B. Jackson, c Tyldesley,	c Spooer, b Breyer
B. Gohrs, c Arnold,	c and b Rhodes
C. McLeod, c Arnold,	c Arnold, b Rhodes
F. Laver, c Rhodes,	run out
J. Kelly, not out	16
Extras	9
Total	169

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

ENGLAND.—First Innings.	
0	5. W.
6	12.0
26	125.0
47	125.5
15	33.2
Arnold	14

Cotter bowled one wide and one no-ball.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.	
First	2 0 12.0
Breary	Rhodes
Arnold	7 0 26.2

Cotter bowled one wide and one no-ball.

AUSTRALIA.—Second Innings.	
First	2 0 12.0
Breary	Rhodes
Arnold	7 0 26.2

Second Innings.

AUSTRALIA.—Second Innings.	
First	2 0 12.0
Breary	Rhodes
Arnold	7 0 26.2

Breary bowled a no-ball.

DESCRIPTION OF PLAY.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

In the last over before lunch yesterday, at Old Trafford, England won the match, the rubber, and the "Ashes" from Australia, and although the run of the green has been against the visitors there can be no doubt that England this year are a long way in front as a side.

A great deal of rain fell overnight and some yesterday morning, and the wicket was rather sodden when the first ball was bowled, shortly after twelve o'clock. In spite of the ancient theory, slow bowlers on slow wickets, Jackson decided to start with Brearley and Arnold. These tactics proved to be right, for both bowlers, helped by a large quantity of sawdust, were able to get a foothold and bowl their ordinary pace.

The ball naturally bumped a bit at times and, the wicket being by no means saturated, came at

(Continued on page 14.)

MANIA FOR MASQUERADE.

Weakness for Putting On His Absent Wife's Clothing.

A remarkable story was told at the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday concerning Frederick Hay, who was charged as a suspected person masquerading in female attire in Mecklenburgh-square.

"What's the game?" asked a police-constable of Hay, whom he met dressed as a woman. "Oh, I'm walking in my sleep" was Hay's cool reply.

The man's mother-in-law said that, since he was a child, Hay had shown a freakish tendency to dress up in fantastic attire and, in the middle of the night, would frequently get up and put on his wife's clothing. At present his wife was away.

Hay was discharged on his brother's undertaking to look after him until his wife returned.

BURGLAR ASSISTS HIS OWN CAPTURE

Having broken into a Glasgow house, Daniel Craigin, armed with fourteen whisky bottles, was surprised by the sound of a whistle.

A woman sleeping overhead had been awakened and was trying to summon the police, but as no one came the burglar blew the whistle louder. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

COMEDIAN'S LOST WILL.

Herbert Campbell's Romance Revealed in a Strange Probate Suit.

The lost will of the late Mr. Herbert Campbell (his real name was Herbert Edward Storey), without whom no Drury Lane pantomime was complete, was the cause of litigation in the Probate Division yesterday. The estate involved was valued at £7,000.

The executors—Mr. John Brill, formerly of the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, and Mr. James Lawrence Graydon, of the Middlesex Music Hall—sought to have propounded the lost will, which they stated was made at the end of 1900, and which was lost. Only the draft, in pencil, remained, and its purport was mainly in favour of a lady known as Mrs. Campbell, although she was not his wife.

The actual making of the will took place, said Mr. Priestley, in the Royal Music Hall, when, in conversation with a Mr. Lovkin, he expressed much distress over the fact that a friend had died intestate, leaving the lady with whom he lived and their children unprovided for.

Mr. Campbell added that he thought he ought to make a will, but that he had hesitated because it seemed like signing his death-warrant.

The document was duly executed the following Saturday during the afternoon performance, Mr. Lovkin and another gentleman witnessing it. The other gentleman could not be traced.

When Mr. Campbell was dying the lady with whom he lived asked him if he had made his will. "Yes—alas," he replied.

After evidence had been given by Harry Randall, Johnny Danvers, and Fred Williams, all well known on the music-hall stage, Ellen Maud Bartram said that she had lived with Mr. Campbell for twelve years, and unless she benefited under this will she would have nothing at all. "Mr. Campbell," she plaintively remarked, "would have married me, only there was a difficulty."

Finally his Lordship pronounced for the will as contained in the draft.

VAIN SCREAMS FOR HELP.

Three Persons Burned to Death in a Thatched House in the Midlands.

Medical men figured in two divorce cases yesterday, in the first of which Mr. John Millison, a Manchester shipper, obtained a decree against his wife and £500 damages from Dr. Holtom, the respondent.

The doctor had previously received a horsewhipping at the hands of the injured husband, who found among his wife's letters a most objectionable one in Holtom's handwriting.

In the other case both petitioner and co-respondent were students at Guy's Hospital.

Here, also, the husband, Mr. Clifford Mayer, had thrashed his wife's betrayer, James Wieke, and the discovery was due to objectionable letters, written, in this instance, by the erring wife to her lover.

Bedford Hotel. WEST INDIAN PLANTER.

OUR STURDY FOREFATHERS.

Why are there so many anaemic women? Why so many men fit, and unfit? Is it because they eat too many meals? Perhaps they do; but then "a meal" is a very wide term.

How many people nowadays eat the good fare that our forefathers did? They only had two "meals" a day as a rule, but they were real meals. They did not eat meat several weeks old or fish half-rotten. And, besides, they took more exercise.

J. DAV.

PASSPORT SCANDAL.

Two Englishmen Convicted of a Grave Breach of Confidence.

"Guilty of conspiracy to obtain a passport for Russia by a false declaration."

That was the verdict of the special jury in the Lord Chief Justice's court yesterday against Mr. H. N. Brailsford, an expert on the "Near East" question, and Mr. A. H. M. McCulloch, an actor, who lives at Newcastle.

Mr. Brailsford and Mr. McCulloch had said that a passport obtained by them was for the latter.

As a matter of fact, Mr. McCulloch did not go to Russia, but a man, who used his name, accidentally blew himself up with a bomb at the Hotel Bristol in St. Petersburg, and the passport was found among this unfortunate creature's belongings.

The Lord Chief Justice's decision as to penalties was postponed on the request of Mr. Simon, counsel for the accused, who wished to argue an objection against the form of the indictment.

OUR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

One of the Most Charming Places in Which To Spend a Holiday.

"Coast town. Population, 52,000. L. and S.W. and G.W. Railways. Climate very mild. Sandy beach. Mixed bathing. Cricket, football, golf, regattas, races, swimming, and galas. Annual battle of flowers in August. Good roads for motor-cars and bicycles."

The sunniest spot in the United Kingdom; the climate is mild in winter, cool in summer. Sanitation and water supply good. Bathing facilities excellent; good machines, mixed bathing allowed in certain parts. All sports and pastimes can be thoroughly enjoyed. The roads are suitable for cycling and motoring. Pleasant daily trips by char-a-bancs; also steamer excursions."

"My mission in life," he said, "is to make people's hearts rejoice; to recite; to take payment for legitimate art."

He was allowed to go after promising to beg no more.

TRAIN WEDGED IN A WALL

Coming into contact with a wall whilst being shunted, an electric Metropolitan train became wedged yesterday.

The footboard was broken off, and a quantity of brickwork dislodged. All efforts to release the train during the day failed.

SHILLING DRESSES.

Astonishing Prices at the Sale of Empire Ballet Costumes.

"East is east, and west is west, And never the twain shall meet," sang Kipling, but they did yesterday when Petticoat-lane assembled to buy a huge collection of theatrical costumes from the Empire Music Hall at Bonham's auction rooms in Oxford-street.

Petticoat-lane practically had the bidding to itself, and very astutely it did it.

One thing Petticoat-lane does not want is tights. The prices which tights, both cotton, wool, and silk, fetched were almost ludicrous. Lot 10, twenty-four pairs of silk tights, went to the Lane for 6s.

The bidding was not only low but slow. "Hurry up," urged the auctioneer, "I can't wait while you try them on."

White petticoats, many of them with an unusually large allowance of lace, fared little better—most of them were certainly rather short—selling in lots at prices which worked out at about 6d. each, while ballet shoes were a drug in the market, seventy-nine pairs going for 14s., and another lot of shoes, which comprised sixty-six pairs of all sorts and kinds, only realising 2s.

The complete ballet dresses fetched proportionately even less than the tights. Fifty-two dresses representing playing cards, from the "Press" ball, fetched only 42s., about 6d. each, and eight "Champagne" dresses from last year's "Vineland" ballet, spangles, paste jewels, and all, only sold for 1s. each.

It was a sack, a veritable sack. Petticoat-lane will be a feast of colour on Sunday, and Margate and Ramsgate kaleidoscopic for months to come.

THRASHED BY HUSBANDS

Two Medical Co-respondents Who Received Summary Chastisement.

Medical men figured in two divorce cases yesterday, in the first of which Mr. John Millison, a Manchester shipper, obtained a decree against his wife and £500 damages from Dr. Holtom, the respondent.

The doctor had previously received a horsewhipping at the hands of the injured husband, who found among his wife's letters a most objectionable one in Holtom's handwriting.

In the other case both petitioner and co-respondent were students at Guy's Hospital.

Here, also, the husband, Mr. Clifford Mayer, had thrashed his wife's betrayer, James Wieke, and the discovery was due to objectionable letters, written, in this instance, by the erring wife to her lover.

Bedford Hotel. WEST INDIAN PLANTER.

HARD WORK THEORY.

I should like Dr. Haddon to try and do any hard work on his system of one-meal-a-day. He would find it impossible, either mental or bodily.

If he had lived in countries where natives practice his theory he would see what it leads to. They spend the first part of the day in a semi-sleep of exhaustion, and the remainder and the night in the deep sleep of gorged animals.

Bedford Hotel. WEST INDIAN PLANTER.

BAD FOOD.

I see in the evening papers that a criminal prosecution is being instituted against the Beef Trust in America for preserving their beef—literally embalming it with formaldehyde and boracic acid. That is the real trouble. The food is so bad that it is an open question whether it is better to starve or eat it.

A. D. H. Warncliffe-gardens.

ACTOR'S GILDED WHISTLE.

Eccentric Pavement Artist Sets Police Court in a Roar.

Innocent of hair on one side of his face and head, but with a grass-like growth on the other, Horatio Bensley, an actor, caused mirth at Islington.

His waistcoat was green, and he carried a golden whistle, as Orpheus carried the lute.

Begging from passers-by was the accusation. He denied it with the elegance and grace of a Spanish count.

"My mission in life," he said, "is to make people's hearts rejoice; to recite; to take payment for legitimate art."

He was allowed to go after promising to beg no more.

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN PICTURES

IN THE

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL."

EVERY FRIDAY.

ONE PENNY.

'THE SUMMER GIRL.'

Friendships Between Women and Men Better Than Love-Making.

DEFINITION OF 'TO FLIRT.'

Yesterday's pile of letters on this subject contained several in favour of friendship as against flirtation. We print some of these this morning with a selection of other views:—

FLIRTING DEFINED.

Do girls know the meaning of the word "flirt"? I do not think they do. If they did they would be more careful. Now, I will tell them the true meaning of it.

It is to act with giddiness or from a desire to attract notice; to act with levity and to play at courtship.

A butterfly's life is very like a flirt's, but the butterfly's is innocent, for it is simply following its nature. A flirt's life is untrue, full of vanity. She does not mind what risks she runs to get that vanity satisfied.

H. BRISCOE.

109, Selhurst-road.

"MERE UNCONVENTIONALITY."

Some of your correspondents seem to think it unnatural for a young woman who has escaped from everyday life for a short time to take pleasure in the society of a strange, young man. Surely this is only typical of the good-nature and love of freedom of the average English girl.

The English girl at heart is as good and pure-minded as any girl in the world; and there is therefore all the more reason for excusing her for this temporary deviation from conventionalities.

Portsmouth-road, Maida Vale. M. O. N. T.

NOT SWEETHEARTS BUT FRIENDS.

I have no patience with all the silly talk of seaside flirtation.

As soon as a boy or girl gets to the age of thirteen or fourteen, and still likes to be friends with a girl or boy of the same age, all men over thirty begin talking about "sweethearts" to them, setting bad thoughts all round.

Let the young folks be friendly, and let us stop that silly talk about "sweethearts," and we shall have a better, purer understanding amongst the young people.

SENSIBLE.

Southampton.

"AN INSULT TO WOMEN."

Whoever styles himself "Married" (Colchester) cannot have any love for his wife nor any respect for his mother. His letter in my opinion is an insult to the women of England.

Although I do not believe in seaside flirtations, and think a girl ought to keep true to one man whose name she hopes to bear, yet if girls care to enjoy their holidays in this way it is no reason why they should be so insulted.

If "Married" had said "men are at heart rakes," he would have been much nearer the mark.

Hither Green. D. H. NELSON.

NOT THE FAULT OF GIRLS.

We have just been on our holidays together, and we feel we should like to tell you our experience, because it seems to us that girls are getting an undue share of blame.

Every evening, no matter where we have been for a walk, we have been followed and asked by young men to go for walks with them. Three times one of us was followed right home to the gate, and then asked to make an appointment for the next day.

Now, it seems to us that if we had accepted these invitations we should have been classed as "fast girls." And if we had accepted, who would have been blamed? No doubt we should!

Why should girls be subjected to this annoyance just because they have good looks or a smiling face?

TWO GIRLS AT THE SEASIDE.

East Finchley.

FRIENDSHIP BETTER THAN FLIRTING.

I have been very much interested in your correspondence upon "The Summer Girl," but so far the essence of the matter—viz., What is flirting? has been ignored.

Friendly intercourse between two persons of opposite sex (even though they have not been introduced formally) does not necessarily mean a flirtation.

A man can be very friendly with a girl during a summer holiday and not flirt. Each will enjoy the holiday all the better through the congenial society they form for each other.

Till one of the parties is given to understand the other is in love there can be no flirtation, and any girl who can allow herself to care too much for a stranger during a fortnight's holiday should remain at home. She would be safer there.

Of course, there must be natural regrets at parting. That is unavoidable. One always regrets leaving even the place in which one has spent a holiday.

En passant, I say ask: How many people are formally introduced during a long voyage on ship-board, and who objects to informal acquaintanceships then?

Noovo.

Heatherlea, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Speaking at the general meeting of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs yesterday, Lord Roberts said he was sorry that there had been very little response to his appeal for money to place rifle shooting on a more satisfactory basis.

Writing to Mr. W. Abraham, M.P. ("Mabon"), who is making good progress, the Prince of Wales wished him a speedy recovery.

Birmingham's Lord Mayors are in future to be provided with a suitable carriage and the necessary horses and servants during their term of office.

In recognition of his princely gifts to Lancaster the town council yesterday decided to invite Lord Ashton to accept the mayoral office next November.

To commemorate his accession to the dignity of knighthood, Sir James Clifton Robinson has sent £50 to the vicar of Hampton for the benefit of Kensington Palace by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).

Housekeepers are no longer to undertake window-cleaning at the elementary schools of London. The work is to be given out, and its cost is estimated at £5,000 per annum.

Complaint having been made of the cries of the young inmates of Kingston's Hospital for Children penetrating to the street, various alterations are to be made to the windows of the building.

Opening a new home for nurses in Victoria Park yesterday, the Duke of Connaught said that not many months ago he had himself been in the hands of the nurses, and should always remember with gratitude the attention devoted to him.

To the United Free Church of Scotland the late Miss Agnes Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, bequeathed £17,000, and £3,000 to other Edinburgh institutions.

Building society shares worth £144 have been disposed in the possession of an aged inmate of the Basford (Notts) Workhouse, and the guardians are now seeking to recover the cost of his maintenance for the past three years.

In acknowledgment of her fifteen years' services as general superintendent of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, Miss Peter was yesterday presented with an address and a cheque at Kensington Palace by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).

At a meeting of the States of Jersey yesterday a letter was read from the Privy Council pointing out that the tobacco tax imposed since March, 1903, was not leivable till the date of the promulgation, viz., November, 1904. This will mean the return of thousands of pounds to the wholesale trade by the States.

HOME RAILWAY MARKET TROUBLES.

Bad Traffics and Reduced Dividends Depress Prices.

GERMANS BUY "PEKINS."

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—There is a fairly decent tendency on the Stock Exchange to report, except perhaps in Home Railways, and Kaffirs, where utter weariness seems the rule. The gilt-edged group was fairly firm, Consols, for instance, improved to 90 3-16. Evidently hopes of peace and cheap money are high, and it is said that half a million more gold is leaving India this week for London. The new Natal loan is at premium, and it does not look as though it is being received with very much fervour. The truth is that Natal has shown such capacity for swallowing tons of money of recent years that the City thinks it might give the loan market a rest.

Troubles accumulate in the Home Railway market. Leaving out the North-Western, the Midland, the Great Central, and some of the Scottish lines, the traffics again make a bad show. To add to the misery, the Great Central dividend was not up to expectations. Instead of the expected 5 per cent. per annum on the 1881 Preference there was only 3 per cent. per annum. Moreover, rat-sat at the carry-over ruled quite stiff enough on Home Railways, even when we allow that the rates ought to look a little stiffer when quoted in money fractions, owing to the fact that it is a long nineteen-day account. Midlands were among the few good features.

PARIS FAOURS TINTOS.

The British public shows no interest, but that does not keep Americans down. Without there being much business, there was bidding at times to-day for Norfolks, Steels, Atchisons, and Eries. The inquiry for Eries was no doubt due to the carry-over rate being light on these shares.

Of course, Foreign Railways have again been a feature; it seems to go without saying nowadays. Antofagasta put on a little matter of £5 at 207 on the coming capital arrangement. There was quite a good lift in Argentines and Mexican Railways, and it was due, of course, to the wonderful array of traffics. These were the chief features of the Foreign Railway group.

At one time Paris was quite a brisk buyer of Rio Tintos. It was partly due to the optimistic statements in the metal market about the future of copper. But Rio Tintos did not keep their best prices.

Another feature was the continual buying of Japanese descriptions, and the Foreign Bourses were quite good supporters of Russian bonds. This was due to the more confident expectations of early peace news. The new Japanese scrip at one time touched 1 9-16 premium, and it closed fully 12 premium.

Brazilian scrip was very strong at 12 premium owing to the Stock Exchange Committee having granted a Special Settlement. This disposes of the protest of an English company in Brazil to the effect that its property had been seized and was made partial security for the new loan. The granting of the special settlement helped all Brazilians. But, in fact, all foreigners were good to-day. The Columbian bondholders finally approved the debt scheme to-day.

WESTRALIAN BEAR-GARDEN.

Perhaps mining people had as much interest in the Associated meeting as in anything else. It was the usual bear-garden. It is wonderful how keen some of these people seem to be become directors of Westralian mining companies. The meeting was lively. Mr. Landau's colleague, Mr. Ledoux, withdrew his candidature, and on the show of hands Mr. Landau was defeated by his two opponents. A poll follows. Associated were dull on this result and, generally speaking, the Westralian market was not so good. As to Kafirs, they continue in an almost hopeless plight. There is no particular weakness, save on the other hand, there is absolutely no support.

The German buyers of Pekin Syndicates and kindred shares put down to a favourable Berlin interpretation of the Kaiser's meeting with the Tsar. The poor English Sewing Cotton report and the fight for places on the board did not help the share of the company. The falling off in Watney Brewery profits caused Breweries to be dull. And for the rest, the chief feature was a rally in the Electric Lighting group.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1903.

HOW TO GET OFFICERS.

THE very large number of Army officers' resignations recently sent in, to which attention was first called in the *Daily Mirror* a few weeks ago, has at last been admitted by the War Office. The House of Lords debate left it no other alternative. The Army is now acknowledged to be twenty-five per cent. short of the proper number of officers, and no one seems to have any idea how the shortage is to be made up.

It looks as if the time were at hand when the Army will have to be democratised to the same extent as the Civil Service. Government offices used to be filled, just as the Army has largely been up to the present, with young men of good family who wanted some occupation that would provide them with a decent excuse for being idle.

Some forty years ago it began to dawn upon the nation that these were not quite the kind of officials it wanted. Demands were made that they should work harder and earn their pay. This created discontent, and finally the Government of Mr. Gladstone threw open the Civil Service to competition.

Anybody who has brains enough can now reach the highest places in the Civil Service. A clever board-school boy gets a scholarship to a grammar school, and another to the University. From the University he passes into a Government office, and he may end anywhere.

We shall probably have to deal with the Army on the same plan. Open examinations will be held, and as soon as a young man has passed he will be paid a living wage. The only other plan is to catch Army officers young, and train them as we do naval officers. We clearly cannot go on as we are. B. R.

BLACKMAIL.

The familiar story of the practical joker who sent telegrams to half-a-dozen prominent people, saying, "All is discovered. Fly at once," and was rewarded by the flight of four of them, gains added likelihood from the extraordinary New York blackmailing scandal.

The allegation is that a solicitor has been going round inviting well-known Americans to subscribe for a book containing biographies of the "American aristocracy." The price of this volume varied. To moderately rich people it was offered for £300. The higher the income, the larger the amount demanded.

It is said (with what truth one cannot decide off hand) that the Astor and Vanderbilt families paid £400, and a Mrs. Huntington is credited with having given as much as £2,000. It is four years since subscriptions began to be collected, but there is as yet no sign of the work coming out.

Naturally, the arrest of the solicitor in question, on a charge of blackmailing, has set everybody wondering why the New York "aristocrats" allowed themselves to be blackmailed. Most people jump to the conclusion that they had something to conceal. This may be quite unjustifiable. They may have been panic-stricken. But it is the conclusion which was bound to be drawn.

The best thing to do with a blackmailer, whether he knows anything against you or not, is to stamp upon him very hard and then hand him over to the police—unless, indeed, you can silence him as a small but spirited traveller silenced a burly ruffian in a railway carriage, who threatened that "if you don't give me a sovereign, I'll say you tried to murder me."

"If you don't shut up this very moment," returned the small man fiercely, "I will."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Hope not wholly to reason away your troubles; but do not feed them with attention and they will die imperceptibly away.—Johnson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE King is bringing his long season in London to an end with a series of the entertainments which he perhaps enjoys more than any others—quiet dinner-parties with a few of his intimate friends. The night before last he dined with the Baron and Baroness de Forest; tonight he is to be at Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck's large house in Richmond-terrace, and to-morrow with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paget in Belgrave-square. This will be one of the first entertainments which Mrs. Paget has been able to give since she broke her leg. The King has taken the greatest interest in her progress, and has sent constantly to inquire at her house.

* * *

Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck generally adopts the plan of dining at small tables, which has become so fashionable in London during the last few years. It is an excellent plan for making big dinners less formal. Mrs. Bentinck gave birth to thirty-six per cent. short of the proper number of officers, and no one seems to have any idea how the shortage is to be made up.

It looks as if the time were at hand when the Army will have to be democratised to the same extent as the Civil Service. Government offices used to be filled, just as the Army has largely been up to the present, with young men of good family who wanted some occupation that would provide them with a decent excuse for being idle.

Some forty years ago it began to dawn upon the nation that these were not quite the kind of officials it wanted. Demands were made that they should work harder and earn their pay. This created discontent, and finally the Government of Mr. Gladstone threw open the Civil Service to competition.

Anybody who has brains enough can now reach the highest places in the Civil Service. A clever board-school boy gets a scholarship to a grammar school, and another to the University. From the University he passes into a Government office, and he may end anywhere.

We shall probably have to deal with the Army on the same plan. Open examinations will be held, and as soon as a young man has passed he will be paid a living wage. The only other plan is to catch Army officers young, and train them as we do naval officers. We clearly cannot go on as we are. B. R.

BLACKMAIL.

The familiar story of the practical joker who sent telegrams to half-a-dozen prominent people, saying, "All is discovered. Fly at once," and was rewarded by the flight of four of them, gains added likelihood from the extraordinary New York blackmailing scandal.

The allegation is that a solicitor has been going round inviting well-known Americans to subscribe for a book containing biographies of the "American aristocracy." The price of this volume varied. To moderately rich people it was offered for £300. The higher the income, the larger the amount demanded.

It is said (with what truth one cannot decide off hand) that the Astor and Vanderbilt families paid £400, and a Mrs. Huntington is credited with having given as much as £2,000. It is four years since subscriptions began to be collected, but there is as yet no sign of the work coming out.

Naturally, the arrest of the solicitor in question, on a charge of blackmailing, has set everybody wondering why the New York "aristocrats" allowed themselves to be blackmailed. Most people jump to the conclusion that they had something to conceal. This may be quite unjustifiable. They may have been panic-stricken. But it is the conclusion which was bound to be drawn.

The best thing to do with a blackmailer, whether he knows anything against you or not, is to stamp upon him very hard and then hand him over to the police—unless, indeed, you can silence him as a small but spirited traveller silenced a burly ruffian in a railway carriage, who threatened that "if you don't give me a sovereign, I'll say you tried to murder me."

"If you don't shut up this very moment," returned the small man fiercely, "I will."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Hope not wholly to reason away your troubles; but do not feed them with attention and they will die imperceptibly away.—Johnson.

his patience, and he had valiantly refrained from repulses, he said to the Queen: "You see, I remember who I was." Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria's father, by the way, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, was quite an original person. He is an enthusiastic musician, and once, to the scandal of Court functionaries, took part in the Wagner Festival in the Regent's Theatre, Munich, as first violin. He has also practised as a doctor. "Why," he once said, "because of my royal descent should I be a drone, and do no work in the world?"

* * *

When the letters and correspondence of the late Queen Victoria are published next year the public will doubtless hear for the first time many good stories. Mr. Gladstone once took a Bill for the Queen's signature, and found her reluctant to sign it. "Your Majesty must," said Gladstone. "Do you know whom you are speaking to?" said the Queen. "To the Queen of England. Does your Majesty know to whom you are speaking?" "To Mr. Gladstone." "No, your Majesty, to the People of England." Then the Queen signed.

* * *

A little foreign Princess was dining one day at Buckingham Palace who had been taught never to take the bones of a fowl in her hand. The late

to give out a hymn. The man was so astonished that he relapsed into silence.

* * *

The famous Spanish dramatist, M. Jose Echegaray, who has just become Minister of Finance in his seventy-second year, has published the first volume of his memoirs, which contain an interesting account of his early struggles for success. He seems to have been favoured with an unusual combination of talents. He was professionally a mathematician and a student of physical science, and only when he married and had a child to provide for did he descend from abstract speculations and take to writing for the stage.

* * *

For years he had little success as a dramatist. In fact, he made his way further in the direction of politics, and was already in the Ministry when his play, "El Libro Talonario," was produced. This made an immense hit, and the author, who was sitting in the stalls, had to get up and bow his thanks again and again to the excited house. "That," writes Echegaray, "was the finest day in my life."

* * *

The marriage of Lord Oxmantown and Miss Lois Lister-Kaye is to take place in October at Clumber. The actual marriage ceremony will be performed in the beautiful church that the Duke of Newcastle has erected in the grounds, only a stone's throw from the mansion. Lord Oxmantown will not resign his commission in the Irish Guards just yet awhile, but it is more than likely that he will do so after a time.

* * *

There will not, after all, be a dance at Dorchester House on Friday night as was at one time thought likely. The American Ambassador was quite ready to give one, but it was thought that there might be a dearth of men, so a dinner only will be given. By the way, the owner of Dorchester House, Major Holford, is shortly to go to Canada to stay with his sister, Lady Grey.

* * *

The Empress Eugenie, who is now cruising about on her yacht, the Thistle, which was formerly the property of the late Duke of Hamilton, is expected at Cowes during the regatta week. Her vessel is always moored a little beyond the royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert. Her Majesty always enjoys her visits to Cowes, as she can walk about the place in perfect freedom, and when on shore spends a good deal of time with Princess Henry of Battenberg.

* * *

Lord and Lady Savile go down to Rufford Abbey on Saturday, and will not be at Goodwood. During the week they will entertain Prince and Princess Charles of Isenburg and the latter's sister, Miss Lewis.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Dr. Frederick Walker, High Master of St. Paul's School.

THE most original, the most determined, the most alert of contemporary schoolmasters, he made his last appearance yesterday at the St. Paul's School Apposition, and took a formal farewell of the file which he has lived there since 1876.

Those against whom his deep voice was turned with anger, as we all those who receive his praises, will admit that with him "a character" disappears.

Most schoolmasters have no character. They have manners and habits which are formed on a secular model. They know how to appear important and how to deal with boys in the master, but when they go into the outer world they remain the same, and talk to ladies at a dinner-table as they would talk to Smith Major in their studies. Moreover, many of them are like the immortal master in Mr. Anstey's "Vice Virtue"—their policy is a smooth phrase for the parent and a hard hit for the boy.

Dr. Walker had no such humbug about him. You saw what he was at once—a plain, blunt man, prodigiously able, authoritative; you had to leave your son to him and take the consequences. He hated silly questions and fussing. It was he who replied to the tremulous mother who inquired if "all the boys were quite gentlemen." "You pay your fees, ma'am, and we won't inquire into that!"

A pretty rebuke, neatly delivered. No humbug—that was Dr. Walker's unacknowledged maxim. And because he acted upon it he made himself one of the most remarkable figures ever connected with English education.

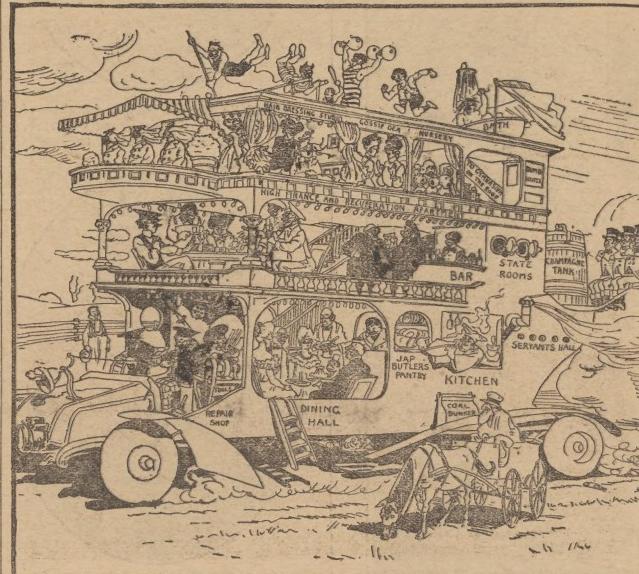
IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 26.—There are many plants, which, though easy to grow and attractive, have no common English names. This has quite a frightening effect on some people. They prefer to cultivate flowers bearing titles familiar to all.

Many may not have heard of montbretias—those pretty bulbs from South Africa, with little yellow or red flowers on wiry stalks. To-day they are beginning to bloom.

Flower-stems quickly appear on the gladioli, perhaps the most gorgeous subjects August and September bring. The summer (at least to the gardener) is passing. Autumn's flowers, crowned with buds, greet us everywhere. E. F. T.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE HOLIDAY.



This is the idea of Mr. Albert Loring, a well-known artist on the staff of the famous New York "Puck," of the way motorists will tour the country in the future—in a car that is a three-story house on wheels.

find yourself at a dull table, and have to watch enviously the amusement of others near you.

* * *

It is, in fact, an excellent device for "paying off" bores this distribution of the guests round several tables; you can put all the dull people together! Mr. Leveson-Gower has recently told a comic story of a dinner he once attended given at one table. The guests were, of course, given their partners, but their places at the table were not marked with cards, as is usual. One lady discovered herself next the Turkish Ambassador of that time, to whom she objected. She accordingly told him his place was at the other side of the table, and he obediently took his seat there. This caused complete confusion amongst the other couples, who wandered round and round searching for their places, while the host—Motley, the distinguished historian—fumed and fidgeted at the head, and was even heard to give vent to distinctly unsocial exclamations.

* * *

The rumours, which are constantly becoming more definite, to the effect that the King of Spain's sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, is really betrothed to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, are rather surprising to those who remember that the King objects to the marriage of cousins—and that is the relationship between the two. The Infanta is extra-ordinarily like her brother. She has the same slightly protruding lower lip, the same nervous Hapsburg eyes. She and he were great friends together as children, but occasionally some dispute over a toy would arise between them, and "Bébé," as Alfonso XIII. was called by his mother, would be heard threatening his sister with a "Remember, I am the King."

* * *

His mother often told him that kings controlled their tempers. One day, when his sister had tried

Queen, however, was very fond of "picking the bones." The little Princess, seeing her use her fingers to eat the wing of a fowl cried, "Piggy wiggy! Oh, you are piggy wiggy!"

* * *

The Duke of Newcastle sails on August 12 for the United States, and is expected to be away from England about six weeks altogether. This makes the eleventh visit his Grace has paid to America. It is quite likely that during the present winter he will make a long rambling tour through Sweden and Norway, and perhaps on to Budapest and Bucharest. The Duke is always accompanied by one or two cameras, and he makes most delightful photographs of the various interesting things he sees. The Duke and the Duchess go down to Clumber on Saturday.

* * *

Very interesting are the views which Dr. R. E. Horton, president of the National Free Church Council, has just given to one of his congregations on the subject of the decay of Sunday observance. "Week-ends" he thinks are largely responsible for empty London churches, and perhaps the idea that people are bound to go to them. Dr. Horton does not believe in driving people to religion. He is a preacher who makes great enthusiasts. "Learning, force, polish, poetry, and sense combined; a man worth going a thousand miles to hear"—that was old Professor Blackie's enthusiastic judgment of him.

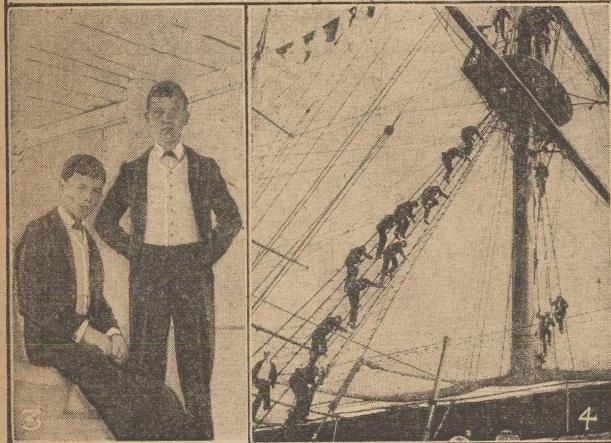
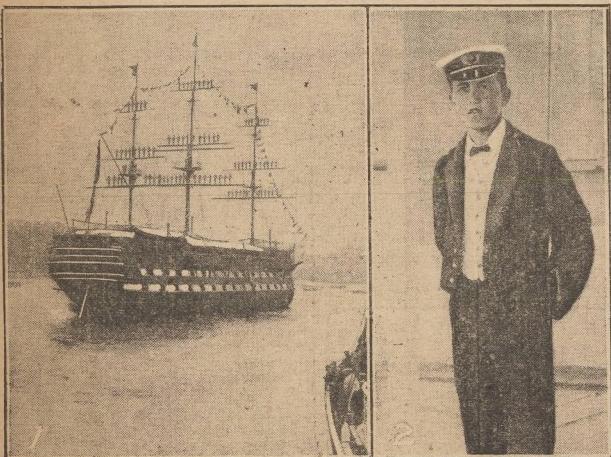
* * *

Dr. Horton is a man of great courage. I always think that one of his most courageous actions occurred at a religious meeting over which he presided some years ago. A secessionist person was engaged in offering up an apparently interminable prayer. As he seemed far from inspiration and was painfully repeating himself, Dr. Horton took advantage, I was told, of one of his pauses suddenly

* * *

CAMERAGRAPH'S OF CURRENT EVENTS

"WORCESTER" CADETS' PRIZE DAY.



No. 1, H.M.S. Worcester, where the annual prize distribution has just been held. No. 2, Leonard Alan Robertson, the cadet who won the King's gold medal for exceptional seamanship. No. 3, Cadets Crutchlow and Probyn, recommended for the R.N.R. midshipman grant. No. 4, cadets coming down from aloft after exercise.

RICH GOLD MINE IN IRELAND.



Scene on the spot where gold in paying quantities has been discovered in the north of Ireland. The ore already taken out is extraordinarily rich, averaging two ounces to the ton. The man in the photograph is standing by the site of the shaft.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Ella Octavia Hirsch, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Francis Hirsch, who is to be married to—



Lieutenant Harold Goodwin Innes, of H.M.S. Osprey, at St. Marylebone Parish Church to-day. — (Lafayette—Symonds.)

ENGLAND'S VICTORY.



Brearley, the Lancashire fast bowler, who largely contributed to England's splendid victory at Manchester. He took four wickets in each of the Australians' innings.

WIMBLEDON'S



Waiting at Westminster Bridge for the start of the annual tennis tournament to Wimbledon. Inset are portraits of the two men who were responsible for the safety of the spectators. This document was made the occasion of great interest in London and other parts of the world.

EARLY HARVESTING.



Continuous sunshine has ripened the grain crops in England, and in Hertfordshire, where the photograph was taken, may be seen, ha-

ENGLISH PRINCE BECOMES A FATHER.



Celebrations at Gotha on the occasion of the birth of the Duke and Duchess of Albany's first child. The Prince of Wales, nephew of King Edward VII, was taken on his state entry into Gotha to formally open the new railway station. A photograph of one of the tableaux at the great

CHARTER.



conveying the new charter of incorporation (right) and town clerk of the new town (left). The reception of the guests were attended by the Lord Mayor and other dignitaries.

WILTSHIRE.



Early date this year in many parts of the country was taken yesterday, harvesting, as shown in this picture.

GERMAN SOVEREIGN.



The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, only son of the right, is a snapshot of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, only son of the King of Prussia, and on the left is a student of the Gotha gymnasium.

PICTURES OF THE DAYS NEWS

PAPAL ANXIETY.



Pope Pius X. as he looked two years ago, when, at the age of sixty-eight, he was elected to the Papal throne on the death of Pope Leo XIII.



Latest photograph of Pope Pius X. It shows in a graphic manner how the cares and responsibilities of his great position have left their marks upon his face.

RHODES IN FORM.



Rhodes, the Yorkshire bowler and hero of many Test matches, who captured two of the Australian wickets in the first innings and three in the second, besides doing invaluable work in the field.

KING EDWARD'S DOUBLE.



Mr. Percy Marsden, a well-known member of the London Stock Exchange, who bears a striking resemblance to King Edward, and is frequently mistaken for his Majesty. His arrival at Waterloo railway station in a motor-car a day or two ago caused quite a sensation, and many of the spectators refused to accept his denial of any pretensions to royalty.—(Langford.)

RACE FOR AMATEUR PUNTING CHAMPIONSHIP.



Start of the final race for the amateur punting championship at Shepperton. After a good race J. H. Secker, the holder, beat A. Gordon-Dickson by three lengths. The winner is the figure nearest to the spectator in our photograph.

LONDON CLERK AS FARM LABOURER.

Search for Work At Last Successful in Somerset.

WHAT HAYMAKING MEANS.

This is the fourth instalment of the experiences of a London clerk who set out to find work in the country. His previous letters appeared on July 18, 22, and 24.

At first he met with no success, though he tramped to Oxford and thence to Bristol, asking at almost every farm he came to.

Now he has luckily found employment, and in this article he tells what farm work is like to a city-bred man.

I made some attempts to get work in Bristol, but these were fruitless, so I started off again on the way to Bath. I must try my luck in the country again.

Some miles on the Bristol side of Bath a lane turned off to the right. A signpost bore the legend, "To Frome." I would go there.

In Frome I got a bed for sixpence, and had a good breakfast for twopence—bread-and-butter and tea—and, taking my hostess into my confidence to some extent, I told her I intended looking for farmwork. She was quite confident that I should find none. She said: "The farmers don't grow so much as they used. It's all grass now, an' the machines d' cut it and the weather d' dry it and the farm men d' gather it up."

PATIENCE REWARDED.

I tidied myself a little and started out. At the first farm the proprietor was away for the day, and their haymaking was over. At the second I saw a man whom I took to be "first hand" or something. He was quite friendly, but told me I should never get a job near Frome if I looked for a month. "There you're enough for the people you."

I saw a large farm through the trees about four fields away. I would have another try. Through the fields I went. As I came out by the homestead I saw to my joy that there were some men haymaking in one of the lower fields.

I walked up to within hearing distance. "Where's the gaffer?" I shouted. One of the men stopped work for a minute and jerked his thumb in the direction of a machine that was click-clicking its way along the edges of a diminishing square of long grass, some way off.

I walked up rapidly to the machine and touched my cap to the man who was driving it. "Whoa!" said he, and the horse stopped.

The driver turned to look at me. He was an elderly man, quite sixty, I should think, but well preserved and sound as a bell.

His shrewd, yet kindly face was lit by a frank and engaging smile, and I knew that now, if ever, was my chance.

"Good-morning, sir," I commenced, "I have come to ask you if you can give me a job of work at haymaking."

He looked at me quizzically and shook his head. "No," he said, but in a tone that encouraged me to proceed.

"I walked up from Bristol yesterday," I continued, "and I've been on the road from London for a week past."

"But you don't know anything of haymaking," he said. "What have you been used to?"

"Town work," I said (I thought that explicit enough), "but I'll watch how the others do it, and work as hard as I can if you'll give me a start."

He shook his head again.

I GET MY CHANCE.

"You can put me off if I don't suit," said I, "and I only want enough to keep me. I'm tired of walking about. I shan't expect to make a fortune."

He burst into a laugh at that. "Well, well," he said, "there's my son down there with the haymakers. Go and see what you can do." I thanked him, and started off on the run.

In that way I entered the service of Farmer C—

I reached the men in the hayfield. "The master says I can start," I said.

"A'right. Thee'st want a peck," said one of the men.

I divined this to mean one of the short-handled pitchforks they were all using, and, fetching one, took my place at the rear of the line.

The men walk down the lines of hay where the cutter has left it, turning over the hay from left to right, and then back again from right to left. You are obliged to learn to use all tools equally well with both hands, and this I found my chief difficulty. Let anyone try to chop wood left-handed and he will see what I mean.

At one stroke I stuck the "peck" in the ground. At the next I sent a pile of hay over the next man. At the ends of the lines before I entered into the scheme of the thing I lost my place and got mixed up, like a novice in the Lancers. But the kindly obtrusions of the others helped to correct this.

I started at eleven, and by the time one o'clock was reached I felt I had done a good day's work.

My arms felt ready to drop off. I had hardly got over my twenty-five mile walk of the day before.

I had an hour off for dinner, and got two-pennyworth of bread and cheese from a "public" not far away.

I spent the afternoon in much the same way, and at six o'clock there was an interval of half an hour for "lunch." We went up into the yard and sat down by the sties. Utterly weary, I sprawled down on the cobbles. The farmer passed and smiled, "We've coloured you up a bit to-day, young man." "I said. Presently he came back and offered me a sack to sit on.

From a basket he took a new loaf, and, hacking it into huge slices, offered us each a piece. It was quite warm from the oven, and the best bread I ever tasted. A huge chunk of cheese accompanied it. But I did not care for the cheese. Each man had about a quart of tea with sugar, but no milk.

After tea came loading. I was deputed with one of the farm lads to "drag" after the wagon. You take a huge rake with a span of about 9 ft. and systematically drag the ground that the wagon has passed. Every inch of ground must be covered and raked clean. If anyone wished to know if it is hard work, I can say it felt to me like pulling a cricket roller about with a broad oil-cloth.

Next morning I commenced work at eight, and, well repaid, repeated the performance of the day before, except that I was initiated into the mysteries of "raking"—raking the hay into swathes once more.

The work is hard beyond idea. I am stiff in every limb. It is monotonous, too, though I like working in the open immensely. I lack companionship most, for the old men are silent and morose and the young ones scarcely talk.

In the evening the farmer came up and spoke to me: "I'll give you two shillin' a day," he said. "Day and a half, three shillin'; here you are. You can start agen' Monday."

Two shillin's a day! It was as much as I could expect. The regular old hands only get three. But can I live on it? I think so. My bed costs 3s. 6d. a week. I had as many pot vegetables as I could eat to-day for twopence, and, altogether, sixpence a day should be ample. That leaves five shillings for clothes and extras.

I shall learn all I can, and shall try to obtain a permanent place when the haymaking is over.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"THE CRUELLEST SPORT."

In answer to Mr. Woodruffe's letter of last week on pigeon-shooting (from traps), I think myself that he has painted it a great deal blacker than it really is.

I have shot at the traps for a good many years, but have never seen pigeons "blown to pieces." In pigeon-shooting there is more room to miss than to hit.

J. HARTWELL,
Chingford, Essex.

"OFFICERS WON'T STAND IT."

These words of General Sir A. Turner will, I suppose, not be very soon re-echoed by the parents of Army officers.

Unfortunately, however, it is not realised by one per cent. of English people that "in Pall Mall there sitsith one greater than a king," who, by a stroke of the pen, can take away an officer's livelihood and character, can even consign him to prison, and yet the officer cannot demand a military or civil trial. In short, he has no appeal to the higher Courts of England.

Southall, W. (REV.) JOHN KINGSTON.

FAULTS OF THAMES STEAMBOATS.

I have been reading in the *Daily Mirror* about the loss of time on L.C.C. steamers. I myself tried them for a few mornings, but twice in one week the boat I went for did not run.

I have never experienced much difficulty in obtaining tickets myself; it has been steamers that I have had to wait for.

I think quicker means should be provided for getting on and off the boats. A gangway admitting one person at a time is rather out of keeping with these times of quick transit.

A WOULD-BE PASSENGER.
Hammersmith, W.

CLERGYMEN AND THE BIBLE.

In this age of accessible education most folk learn that the Roman Catholic Church preserved the Bible. To the Irish Saints the Continent of Europe owes Christianity.

We take medicines, often poisons, prescribed in an unknown language, from (frequently) a strange doctor, and we ask no question.

The man whose vocation is "to die to the flesh," whose ambitions pierce the skies, is to be cross-examined by the unrestful, shallow twentieth century philosopher who forgets that the Kingdom of Heaven is for him "who takes it as a little child."

ELLINE MORRIS.
Dublin.

"Anglo-Catholic" makes a great error if he thinks Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. I have been brought up in two Catholic colleges, and have always been allowed to read it. Why is it that all Protestants fall into the same silly error?

I will back any average Catholic boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen, or older, to beat any Protestant with his knowledge of the Word.

PAX.
Hazeldon-road, Crofton Park.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His wife, Alice, is Frank's sweetheart, and she is to be given a home and a comfortable position to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DESTER.—The ubiquitous, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has a sister in his power, owing to the fact that he has repaid the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's pocket.

EVA DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Chester.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued).

The wild frenzy of the music seemed in harmony with Chester's mood. He numbered many acquaintances among the men and women thronging the grounds and the great reception rooms. Both Vincent Devenish and Eve had made a point of introducing him to their extensive circle of friends. Chester discussed the probable date of Dissolution with an M.P., was button-holed by a tariff reform enthusiast, and escorted a gabbling society woman, with an outrageously loud voice, to the refreshment pavilion. But his thoughts were things apart. He was restless, and conscious of a feeling of isolation, even though he had not the excuse of solitude for this feeling.

"Of course, he's nominally private secretary; but he'll end by taking a responsible position in the business. Devenish hinted as much to me. Shouldn't be surprised—Mrs. Daintree—doesn't she look magnificent?"

"Don't know so much about that," Looks to me as if Ruthven was in the running—

Chester moved quickly out of earshot. A moment later, Eve, escorted by Major Ruthven, swept past him to the pavilion. The fairy lights and the delicate mystery of the summer evening seemed as foils devised by man and nature to enhance her beauty. And as she passed the Zigzag musicians must needs lose their souls in a wild, impassioned melody. Chester breathed quickly, his mind swept empty of all else but Eve.

And away at Brighton the girl, whose seemingly happy letter had reached him that evening, stood alone on a verandah, staring stonily at the twinkling lights of promenade and pier, or at the moonlight silvery a cool, tremulous track across the sea to the infinity of the horizon beyond. Quite alone!

"Well, Chester!"

He turned to find Vincent Devenish at his elbow. "Triumph for Eve, this, isn't it?" added the latter in his brusque, almost harsh voice, and went his way.

Chester shook his head. Vincent Devenish was breaking up. There was a whisper now, creeping round shipping circles that Devenish in cutting rates was cutting his own throat as well as that of the big American "combine" that he was fighting; that unless he changed his policy the Blue Star Line would be found in "Queer Street"; that his only chance lay in compromise and amalgamation. But those who knew the stubborn man shook their heads. He would probably continue the fight to the last farthing of his capital.

Another voice at Chester's elbow—Eve's. "Melba is going to sing, Mr. Chester." She was alone. She took his proffered arm.

"A veritable triumph," he said as they crossed the grounds towards the house.

His pulses were throbbing with the old fire.

"You think so," she answered weakly. "I wish it were all over. I am tired of it all; tired of saying things that I don't mean. Have you seen my father? Has he said anything to you?"

"Yes; but—what do you mean?"

But they were entering one of the great reception rooms.

"I may have an opportunity of a few words with you later, Mr. Chester."

Then the song. As the last notes, pure as flawless crystals, melted away into the silence of those who listened, Chester felt a trembling of the hand lightly resting on his arm. There was a gleam in Eve's eloquent eyes, telling of a woman's soul all but stirred to tears.

"Take me back to the garden," she said abruptly, and, meeting Chester's ardent eyes, averted her own.

"Do your duties as hostess claim you?" said Chester. "Or—"

But men and women came buzzing round, and for a space Eve lapsed into the hostess; but she retained Chester beside her with a glance from her eyes. But presently there was a melting away into the house, to listen to the humour of a well-known society entertainer.

(Continued on page 11.)

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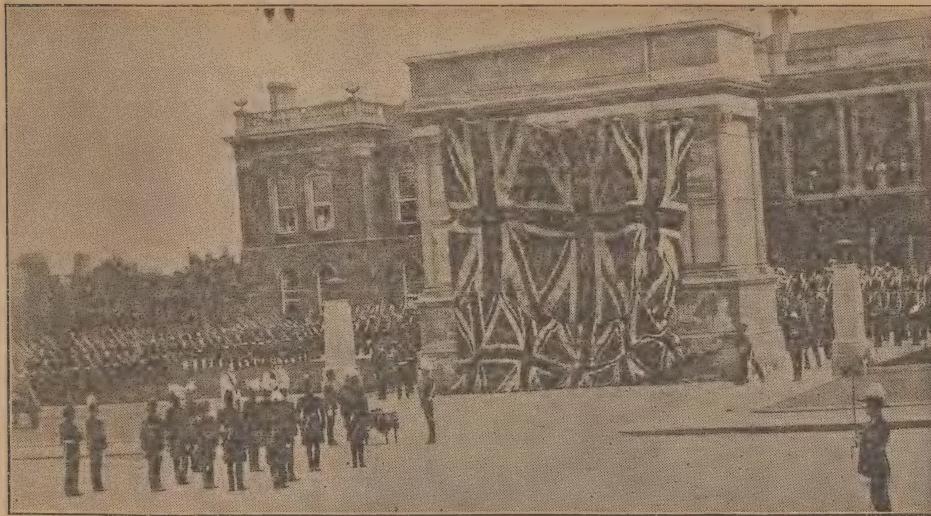
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THE KING UNVEILS ROYAL ENGINEERS' WAR MEMORIAL.



At Chatham yesterday the King unveiled the Royal Engineers' South African war memorial arch. The photograph shows the scene just before the huge Union Jack fell away from the front of the arch.

WIMBLEDON CELEBRATES THE ARRIVAL OF ITS CHARTER.



The town clerk reading the new charter of incorporation at Wimbledon in front of the municipal offices yesterday. There was a short religious service before it was read and afterwards the National Anthem was sung with enthusiasm.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

"You must hear him," said Eve to Major Ruthven, who was inclined to linger. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Dyke. Mrs. Dyke quite worships him."

Major Ruthven escorted Mrs. Dyke into the house. There was no other alternative left to the gallant officer.

Fairy lights traced out a path leading to a remote and shadowed seat. The swinging Japanese lantern above served but to render darkness visible.

"You wished to say something to me?" said Chester, mastering a vibration in his voice, and painfully conscious of his hammering heart.

They were alone now—at last, looking out from the shadow on to a veritable little fairytale, and the queen of it all was beside Chester.

"Yes."

There was a quiver in the woman's low-noted voice that was tragic.

"Mr. Chester, my father has lost heavily again to-day. Has he said nothing to you?"

"Never so much as a hint."

"It may possibly mean that we shall have to alter our mode of life," continued Eve quickly.

"But that is a small matter compared to the effect which this continued strain is having on my father's health. It is breaking him down, slowly killing him. And I seem powerless to avert this tragedy."

"I have done my best—have tried to reason with him, open his eyes to these scoundrels who, I know, are robbing him. He is full of love and affection; and under that silent manner of his carries the tenderest heart in the world; but he will not listen to me when I try to talk business. He will not listen to reason. Mr. Chester, I want all your help now!"

The fairy-lights upon which Chester looked were beginning to blur and fade away.

"I am frank with you, Mr. Chester. I trust you, I respect you."

Her voice for a moment was broken and unsteady,

"If you only knew what it means to me to see my father breaking down before my eyes!" She drew a hand sharply across her eyes.

"And it all dates back to his betrayal by—" She broke off suddenly, and stared with stony eyes and set lips at the fairytale beyond the shadowed at last.

"But there is no need to recall that now," she said. The Hungarians were tuning up; then the dusky-skinned conductor lightly tapped his violin with his bow. The programme had been revised by the hostess.

There was a silence under the shadow by the sea as the first notes of the melody floated across the grounds. It was the refrain of an English song. And the dusky-skinned conductor, as he almost danced in front of his men, put all his soul and native fire into the air, for had not the beautiful lady requested him to include it in his programme? So the little conductor played to Eve—in spirit. Chester's heart stood still. It was the river-song. Eve made a movement. She had not anticipated being alone with Chester when the air was played. Suddenly a feeling almost of terror possessed her. But Chester had clutched her hands within his own.

"Don't go," he whispered hoarsely. "Tell me, did you ask them to play this tune?" "Yes."

He had risen; she had risen. He still held her hands.

"Why?" "Why?" she answered in a low, rapid voice.

"Because it has pleasant memories, pleasant associations. That is why. That is all."

"Is that all?" His heart and soul were on fire, fired by the music

and its memories, fired by the beautiful, dazzling woman whose hands he still held.

"Eve—
"Let us go, please."
"No! Not till I have spoken—till you have heard me!"

"Then the hot words of love poured incoherently from his lips, tumbling over each other like the waves of some pent-up stream that has suddenly broken its dam.

"I love you—I love you—I love you!" The words beat like blows against the woman's throbbing heart! She had given her love once, and till lately, she had regarded it as murdered beyond resurrection. She had suffered unrest, uncertainty; but now the impassioned words seemed to be vibrating life and new being into her heart.

And over all the intoxication of the music and the spell of the summer night!

But her head was still flung back proudly. It was as if she were fighting against this attack on the citadel of her heart.

"Eve, for God's sake, don't keep me in suspense. Answer me! I worship you, body and soul!"

And Dexter, and bank-notes, and obligations, and the brave little woman away at Brighton were forgotten—had no existence in his thoughts.

The violins were gathering strength and intensity in a crescendo. Men and women were pouring out of the house and spreading over the grounds. Laughter and voices rang out.

"Answer me!" His hot breath was on her cheeks. He reached out his arms to his proud divinity and found a yielding woman.

In his ecstasy he crushed her madly to his heart.

(Continued on page 13.)



Fine Healthy Children

An article of the greatest possible interest to all mothers, showing how to build up the body, brain, and muscle.

Every mother wants her children to grow up strong, healthy, bright, and clever, but the question is how this is best gained. The first thing to remember is, that it will largely depend on the food given during the first few months of the child's life. If the food is right the child will be strong and vigorous, able to resist the attacks of illness, and its bones, muscles, limbs, and brain will grow properly. If, on the other hand, blunders are made, then the child will fail to grow up strong and healthy, and it may have to suffer all its life from the mistakes made. Nothing can be more cruel than to give a child a weak and inefficient frame and send it into the battle of life badly equipped, when it might have been endowed with a strong, energetic, and vigorous body, which would have enabled it to overcome difficulties and have a successful career and healthy and happy life.

WHAT FOOD DO YOU GIVE BABY?

Don't fancy this is a silly or impertinent question. It is most important because, as we have already shown, the body and brain of your child will depend on the food you give baby. It is not only important that you should give baby enough food, but you must make sure also that it is also the right food. If you want baby to have a strong body and active brain in the future, you must give it the right food now.

WHAT IS THE RIGHT FOOD?

You cannot possibly obtain any food for baby as good as "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids." The reason it is the best is because it contains everything needed to build up bone, brain, and muscle, and infants fed upon it put on firm flesh, have rosy cheeks, increase properly in weight, they cut their teeth well, and every day they increase in strength.

WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO TRY IT?

We want you to remember "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is the very best food you can give baby. It is a really wonderful food for building up the body, and when we tell you that doctors themselves use it in their own families you will see it must be right. So that you may try a tin we make the special offer you will find below, and for 6d, you can have a large tin of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids." We are sure that you will be delighted with the way baby takes it and thrives upon it. You will also receive a useful little book telling you all about how to feed baby and many other things we are sure you would like to know.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN INVALIDS.

The selection of food that will rebuild the weakened frames of invalids, convalescents, the aged, and those whose digestion is weak is not less important than the selection of a correct food for infants. If you have the care of invalids or the aged "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is just what you want, as it has the further advantage that it may be prepared in a large number of pleasing and appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired, nor is its digestibility decreased thereby. It is retained when other food is rejected.

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is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a large trial tin will be sent for 6d., together with instructions how to prepare it for invalids. A booklet will also be sent which is a "Guide to Infant Feeding" and contains various tables, showing the correct height of infants at different ages, their weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information.

WRITE AT ONCE.

Our booklet will be sent to you on receipt of a postcard, or, what is much better, you can have the large trial tin at the same time for six penny stamps if you mention the *Daily Mirror* and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists to the King, 143, New Bond-street, London, W.



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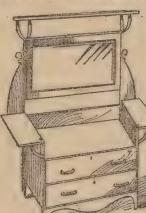
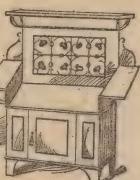
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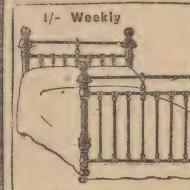
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HOW TO MAKE LAVENDER WATER, SALTS, POT-POURRI, AND LAVENDER STICKS.

LAVENDER WATER.

HOW TO MAKE IT AND LAVENDER SALTS AT HOME.

In the good old days, when the still-room deserved its name, our great-grandmots—no mean chemists in a practical way—made their own lavender water; and should their descendants care to follow their example the process will be found interesting, if somewhat lengthy. The essential oil is distilled from dried lavender and rose leaves moistened with spirits of wine, with the addition of a little musk and bergamot to give "staying power" to the otherwise somewhat fleeting perfume of the flowers. The ingredients are placed in a glass retort, which is filled up with water and boiled over a spirit lamp, and the vapour passes into the condenser, whence it issues as pure essence.

Lavender water is made by diluting the essence to the required strength with rectified spirits of wine.

Fragrant Salts and Lavender Sticks.

Lavender salts consist simply of powdered carbonate of ammonium moistened with a few drops of the essential oil of lavender, which, if not distilled at home, can be bought from any chemist.

No linen closet should be without a supply of lavender bags or sticks, which are so cheaply and expeditiously made. It is curious, indeed, to reflect that the long lapse of centuries has furnished the English housewife with no more satisfactory perfume for her stores of linen than the humble little flower which owes its name to its use in the laundries of ancient Rome, the word being simply a form of the Latin *lavare*, to wash.

Lavender should be gathered and dried before the tiny blossoms on the spike-heads have burst through their protecting sheaths, otherwise much of the fragrance is lost. It is then quite ready for use, and may be rubbed from the stems and tied up in little bags of book-muslin or thin silk, embroidered or ornamented in any way ingenuity suggests—or the entire sprigs may be woven into lavender sticks or baskets with bright coloured bâche ribbon.

Weaving the Flower-Heads.

To make these, choose a little bundle of dried lavender stalks of the same length, and tie them tightly together just below the flower-heads, leaving two long ends of ribbon, one of which is drawn inside the bundle. Bend each head down and draw the stem over it, taking care not to snap it off; then divide the stems into groups containing the same number each—three will be found convenient—and, taking the loose end of ribbon, weave it alternately under and over the group of stems so as to form a lattice pattern enclosing the flower-heads.

Continue this as far down the stems as liked, and

finish off by drawing out the other end of ribbon and tying it in a neat bow. Two or three colours of ribbon can be used in weaving these baskets or sticks, which look very dainty and preserve their fragrance for a long time.

Lavender is an important ingredient in the manufacture of pot pourri, which in addition to rose-petals (in the greater proportion) consists also of sprigs of sweet-peas, jasmine, and any other sweetly scented flowers. These are dried, sprinkled with

salt, and turned and sprinkled daily until all moisture has evaporated. They are then put in a jar with the following mixture: Two ounces each of powdered orris root, storax, gum Benjamin, powdered cloves, cinnamon, and angelica root, the thinly-shredded rind of two lemons, half a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt.

The pot pourri must be kept tightly covered and stirred daily for a month, after which it will be ready for use.



Hats with crowns are returning to fashion. The hat illustrated here is one made to be worn with a bride's going-away dress. It is built of Panama, and is trimmed with gauged shot mauve and thistle blue gauze, and a handful of feathers to match.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

The past and the future were as nothing, burnt out of existence by the kiss he printed on Eve's lips.

Then she was gone from him, and he stood alone in the shadows. He was still in an ecstasy, unable to reason, to balance, to look back or forward. He was drunk with the red wine of love!

* * * * *

Queenie leant on the verandah rail, alone, watching the silver track of moonlight across the summer sea, with a great ache in her heart and a quiver on her lips.

An artist might have taken the silent figure for a model, and called his picture "Loneliness."

Presently she stirred, and, passing into the room, wrote a letter to that stanchest and truest of friends, Pollie Peyton.

"I am taking it quite quietly," wrote Queenie; "but I am enjoying myself immensely."

And the Recording Angel—who knows? It may be that even the Recording Angel, like Homer, sometimes nods.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was over at last. The guests had gone; the fairy-lamps in the grounds were being blotted out swiftly, one by one; the great reception-rooms were empty. Chester was walking home like a man in a dream. He had been one of a crowd when he said farewell to Eve. A touch of the hand, a glance, a swift wave of colour across the beautiful, rather tired face—that was all. More than this had been impossible.

Vincent Devenish had retired to the library. When Eve entered quietly he was sitting, bent and brooding, in an easy-chair; but he straightened up at sight of her.

"I thought you had retired for the night, Eve."

"No," she whispered, sinking on her knees be-

side him, and folding an arm round his neck—an arm that a Praxiteles might have modelled to his glory. "No, I have something to tell you, father."

The man looked at her sharply from under his rugged brows.

Mr. Chester has asked me to marry him," she said, holding her face for a moment on his shoulder. The man's haggard, drawn face lighted up; then, some doubt occurring in his mind, he raised Eve's face and quickly scanned it.

"All?" he said, with a sigh of relief.

"You are pleased, father?"

"The best news I have had for many a day," was the quick answer; and Vincent Devenish kissed her affectionately, a proud light shining in his eyes.

"No one's good enough for you, my beautiful Eve. But I suppose we have settled this matter without asking my advice on the subject, I shall have to accept young Chester as my son-in-law."

But he laughed gladly. He would live yet to see those grandchildren boys. He had decided that there would be grandchildren, and he had also decided on their sex, but this was characteristic of Vincent Devenish.

"And, father, you will give him your confidence, won't you?"

"Why, yes, of course," he answered briskly. "But a man must learn to walk before he can run."

He ran a hand caressingly through her gleaming hair.

No. I of

"FANNIE EDEN'S PENNY STORIES"

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

SATURDAY NEXT.

"I'm not going to talk business now," he laughed strainedly. "I suppose Frank Chester will gravely ask my consent to-morrow—one of those after-thoughts that occur to young men—and we can have a private talk. When is it to be, Ever? The sooner, the better, eh?"

Her face flushed scarlet.

"Nothing has been decided yet," she whispered quickly.

"You look tired," she added. "Please go to bed, father."

He took her in his arms and held her there for a long spell.

"Eve," he choked out brokenly. "I hope to God that Frank Chester will atone for the misery that Cecil Daintree brought into your life."

She shivered.

"That is all past. Don't let us recall that—to-night, to-night of all nights."

When she reached the privacy of her boudoir she sank on to her knees, covering her burning face with her hands.

"Yes," she whispered at last, like one who had been wrestling with some haunting doubt. "I love you, Frank."

Then, rising swiftly, she took Cecil Daintree's portrait from the bureau, and tore it through and through into tiny pieces, as if by her action she were destroying memories.

There was no one to hear the confession of her heart.

"I love you, Frank," she whispered. "You shall win; you shall succeed. A new life seems to be opening out. There is great happiness before me."

The beautiful face was bright with the radiance of re-born love.

And her faith in the man was strong.

Flinging wide open one of the windows, she drank in the cool night-air. Her thoughts wandered to another woman.

"I was jealous," she whispered softly to herself. "I understand now. It was only friendship on his part—but I hope that when she hears it will not give her pain."

There was a grandeur and a tenderness in Eve's nature, and an intuition told her of Queenie's love for Chester.

(To be continued.)

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by adding, to each glass of water
you drink, two tablespoomsful of

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

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wholesome and refreshing
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offsets the depressing effects
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Intoxicants?—Too Dangerous;
Mineral Waters?—Too Gassy.

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